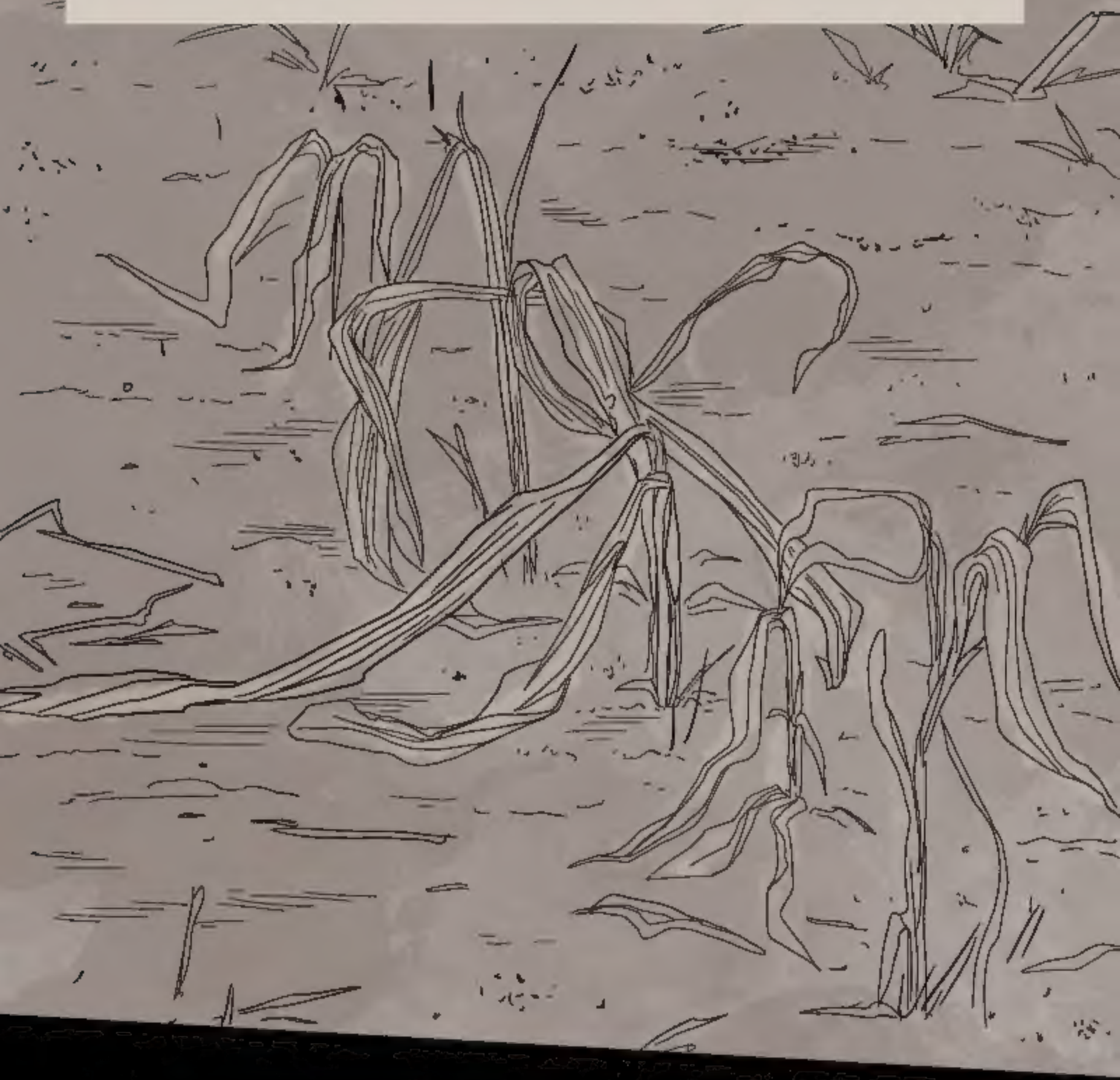
A GREAT DROUGHT CAME TO STAGTOWN.

AND ITS PEOPLE DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO.

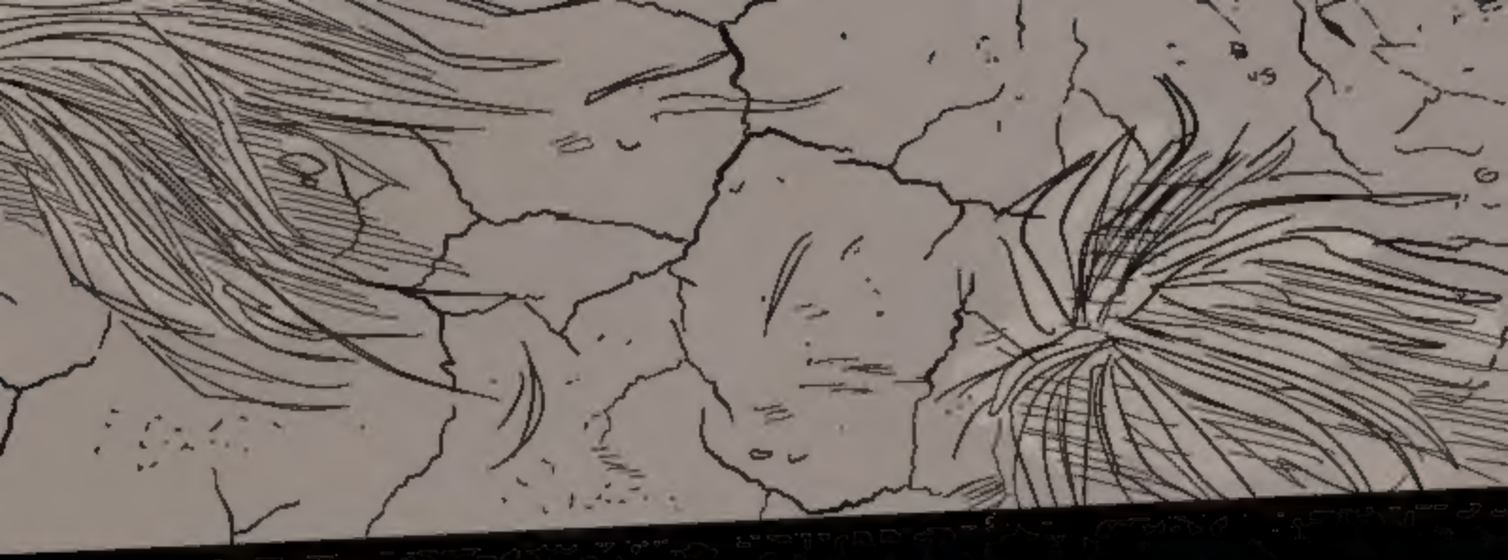
remember us

CROPS WHICH SHOULD
HAVE FLOURISHED INSTEAD

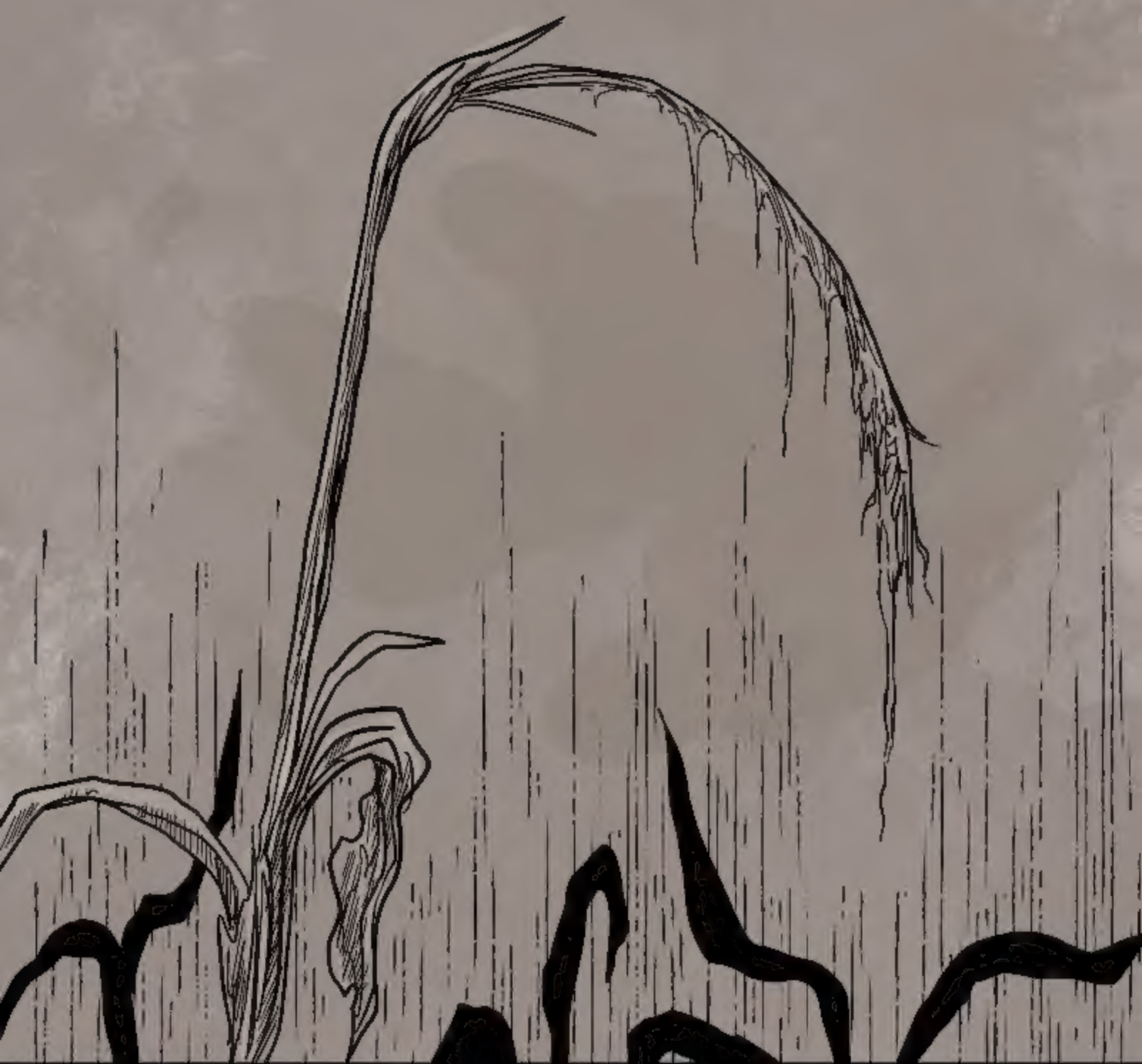
HAVE FLOURISHED INSTEAD
LAY DEAD ON THE GROUND.



THE RIVER HAD SUNK DOWN INTO ITS OWN BED IN AN ALARMING WAY.

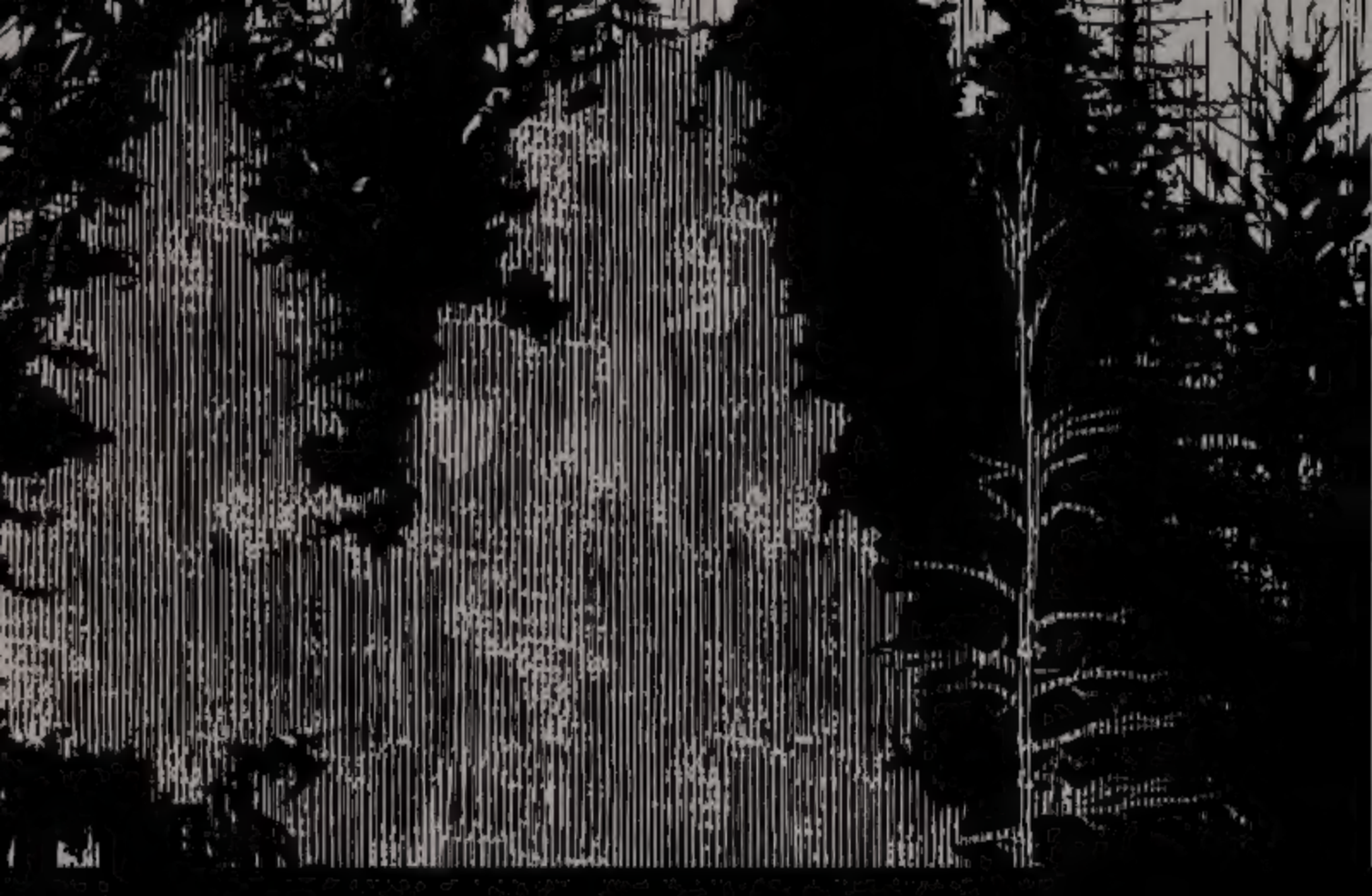


THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAD BEGUN TO WORRY.



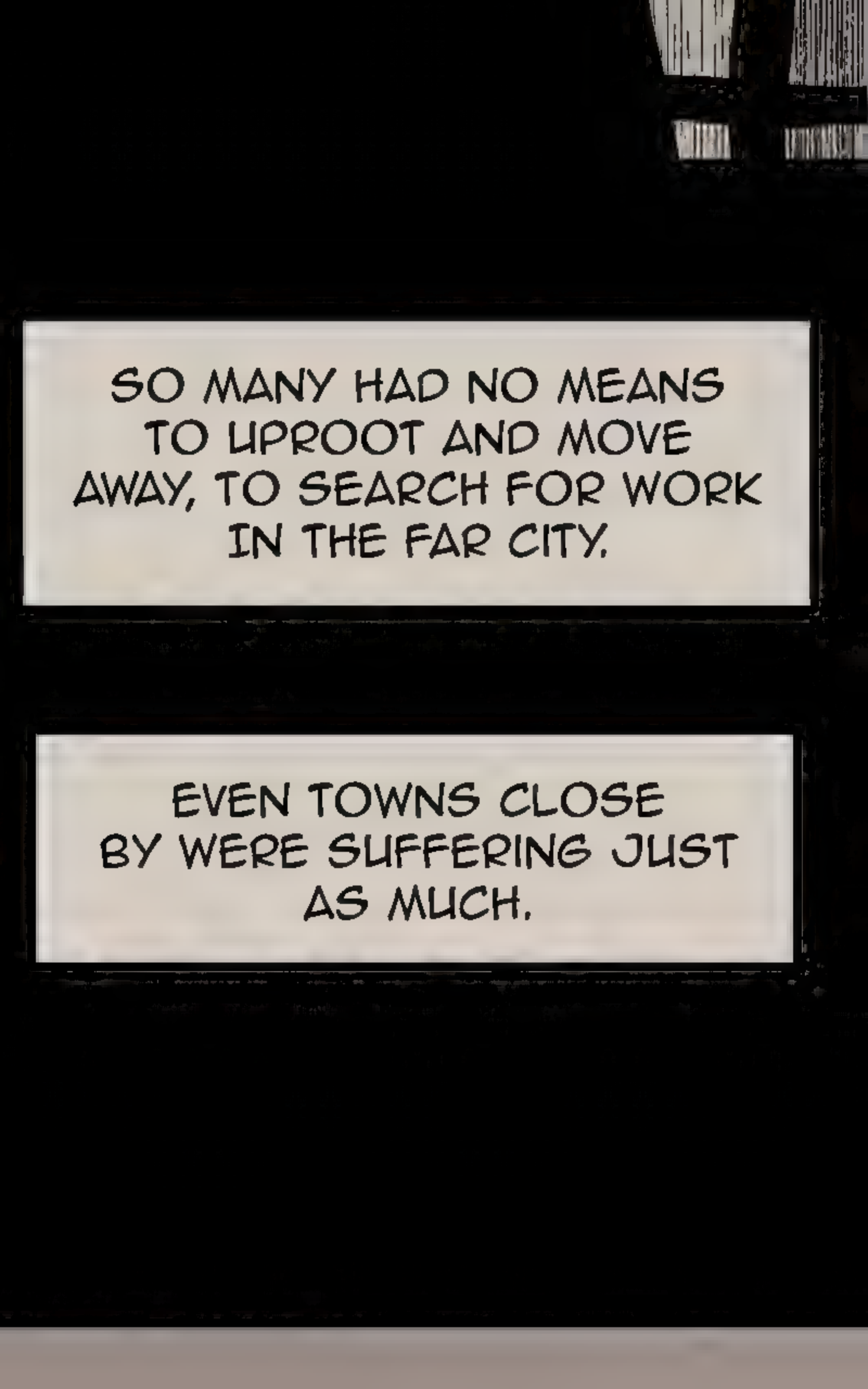
SO MANY OF THE TOWN WERE POOR FARMERS WHO LIVED BY WHAT THEY GREW.

PRIVATELY, THEY BEGAN TO WONDER WHERE THEY COULD GO IF THE YEAR CONTINUED ON THIS WAY.



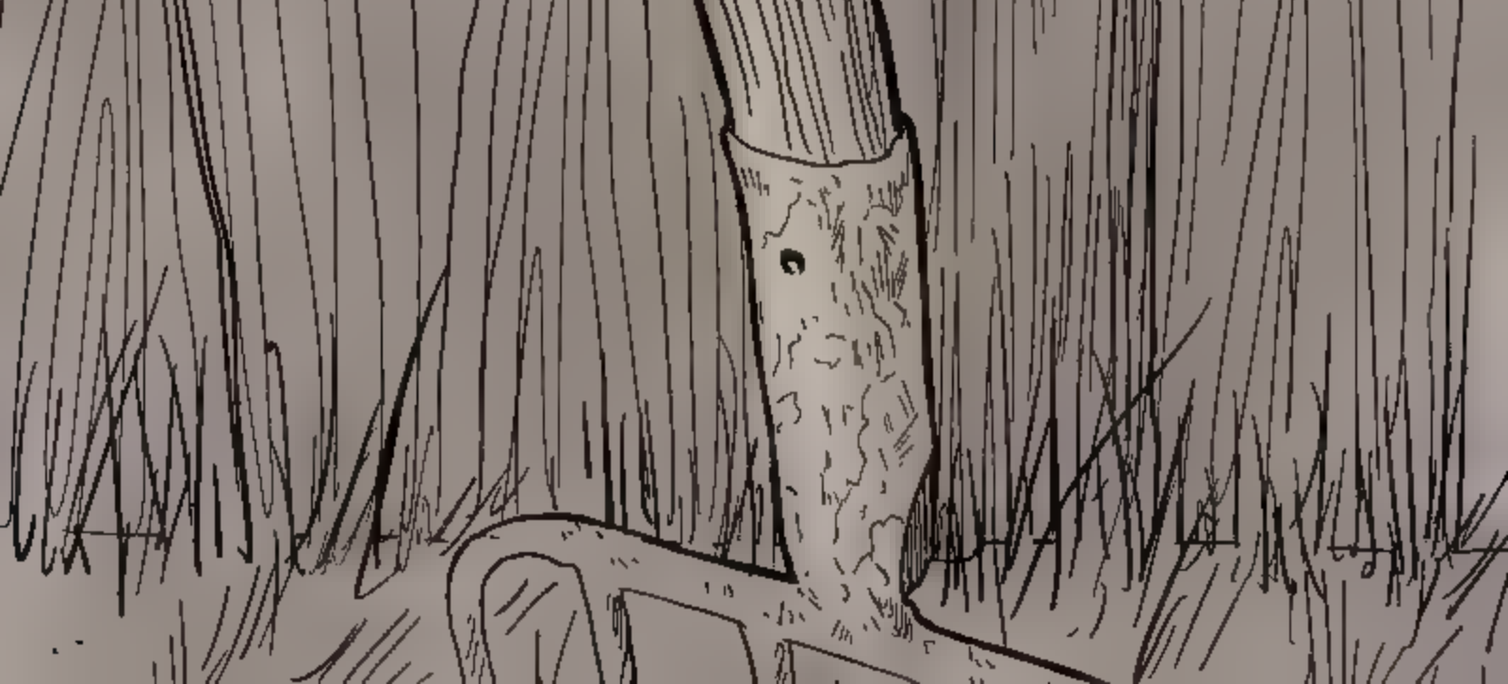
WHAT WAS ONCE A GREEN AND WHOLESOME PLACE SOON GREW DRY AND BRITTLE.

GOSSIP RAN WILD.


SO MANY HAD NO MEANS TO UPROOT AND MOVE AWAY, TO SEARCH FOR WORK IN THE FAR CITY.
EVEN TOWNS CLOSE BY WERE SUFFERING JUST AS MUCH.

MOST HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO BRACE FOR THE COMING WINTER AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

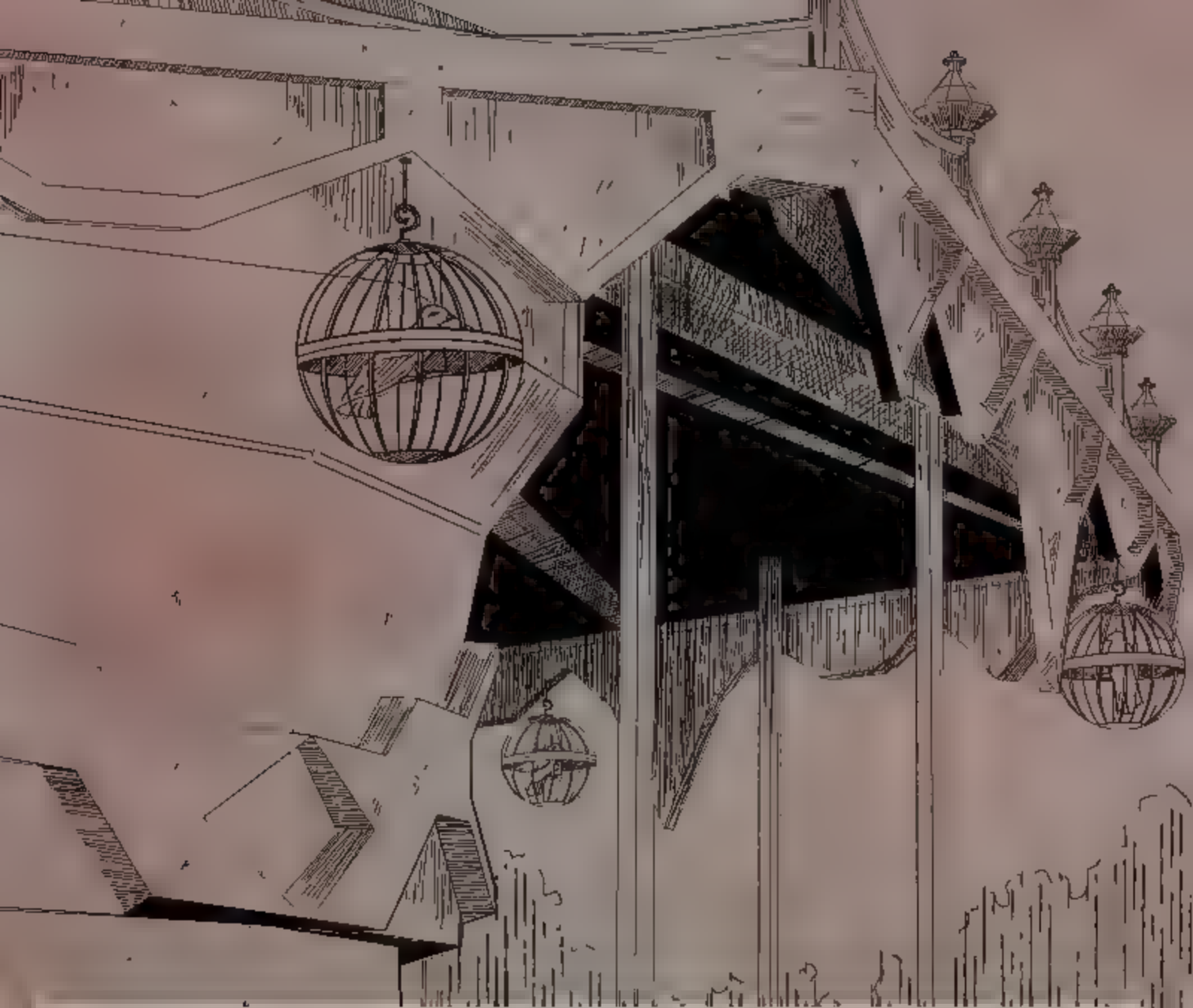
ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER...



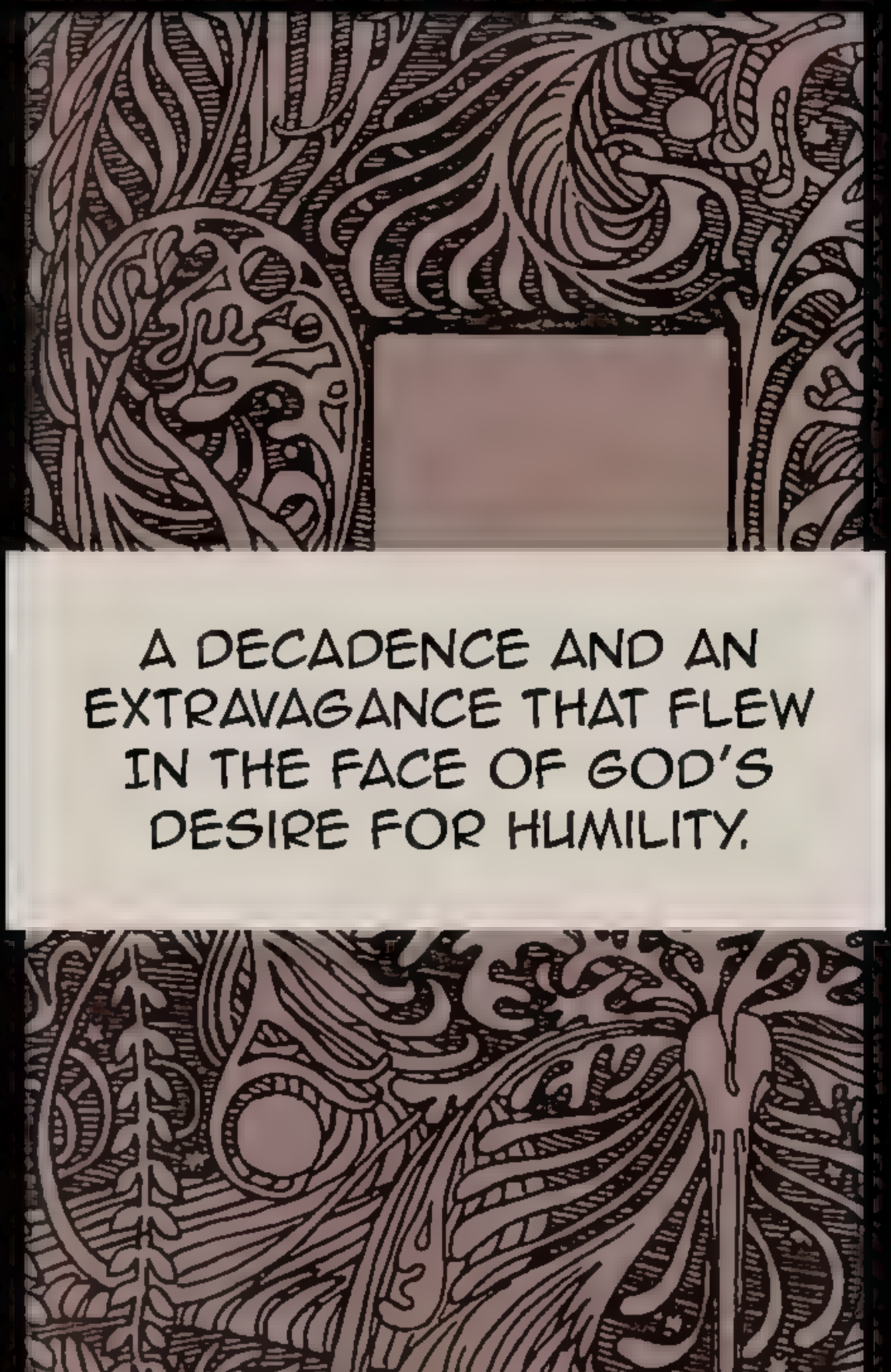
PEOPLE TALKED.

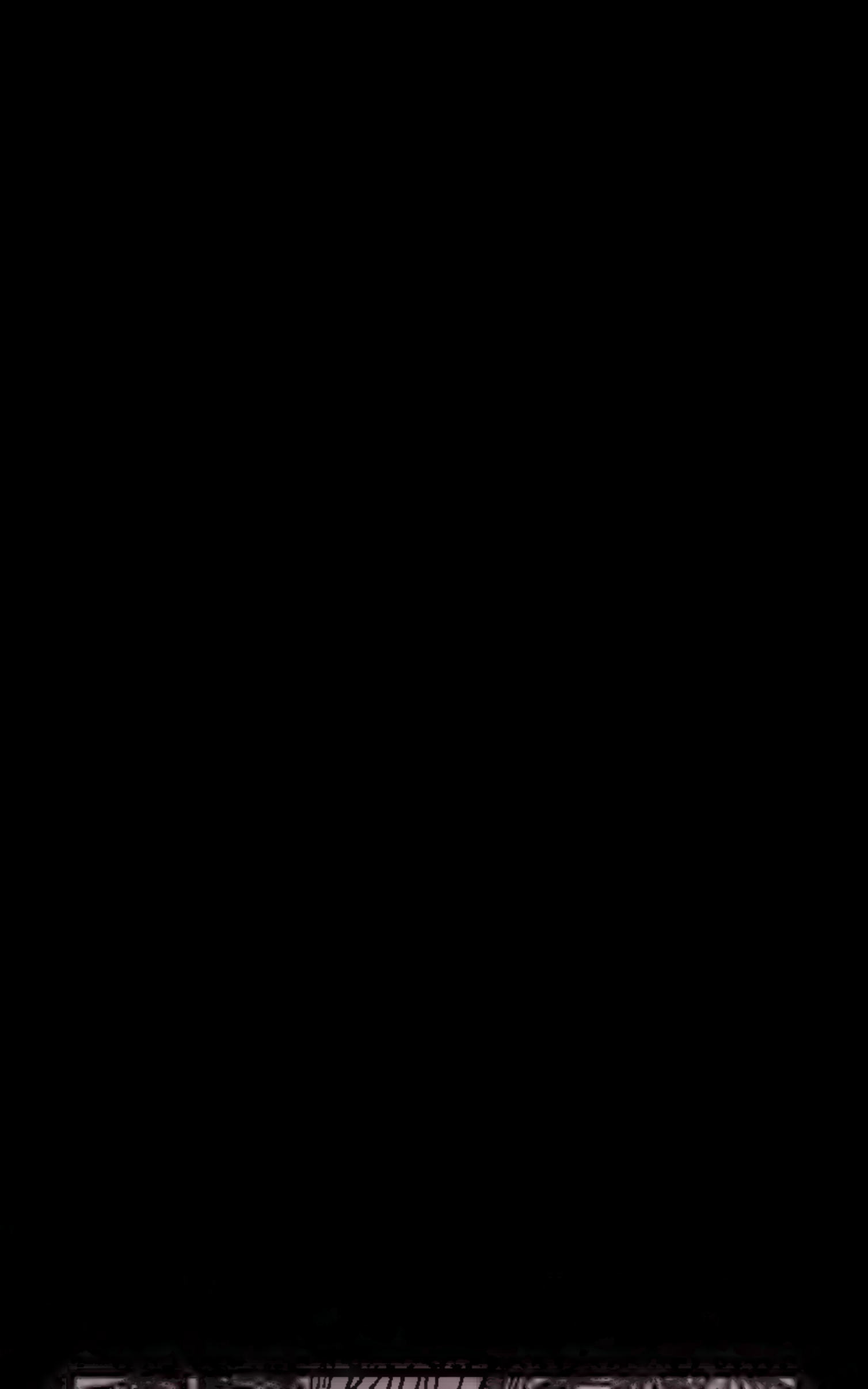
EVERY EAR IN TOWN HAD HEARD THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE END TO THE MAY DAY PARTY.

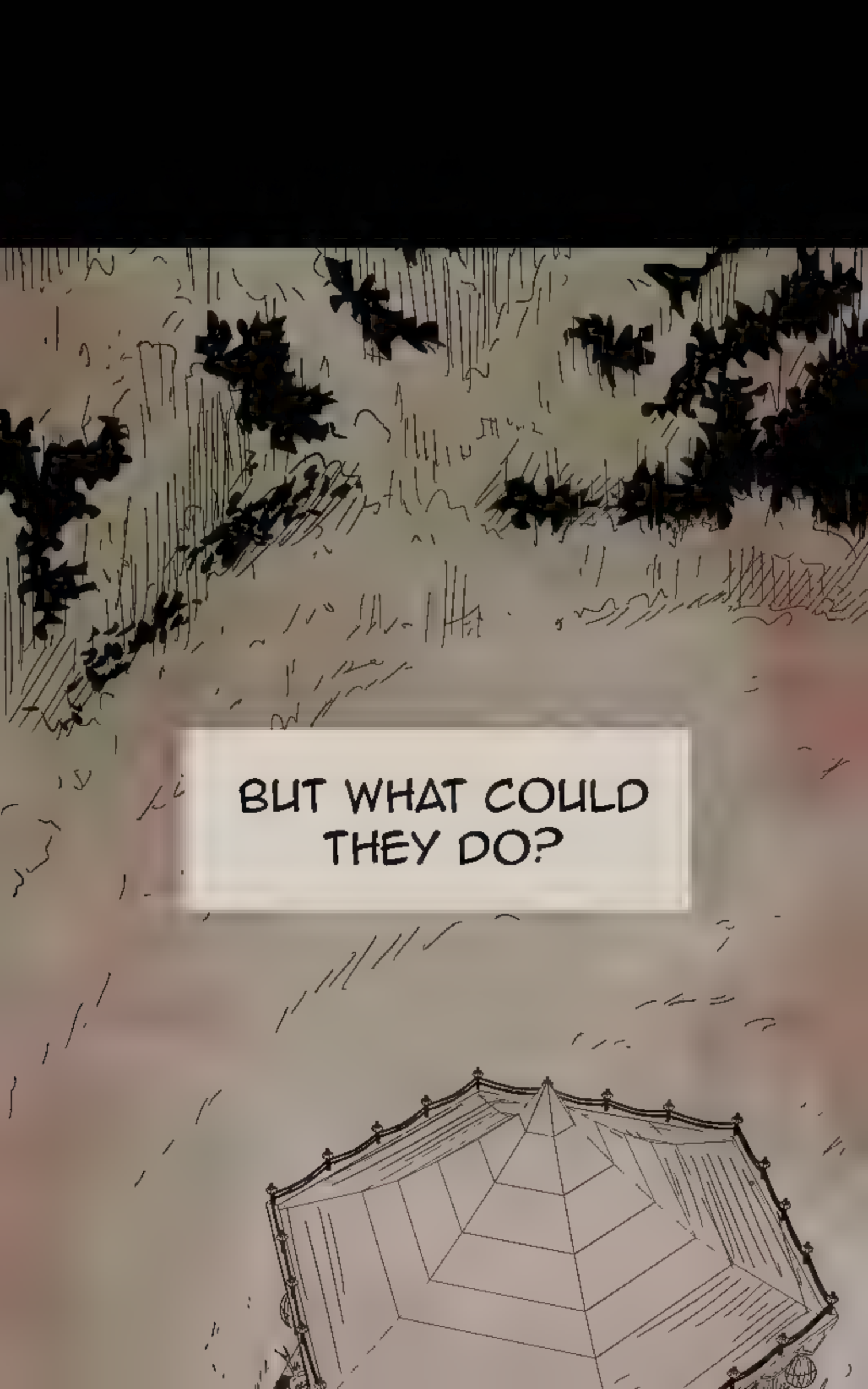
PEOPLE BEGAN TO CALL THIS DROUGHT A PUNISHMENT FOR SINS, FOR WANTON CRUELTY TOWARD GOD'S CREATURES.



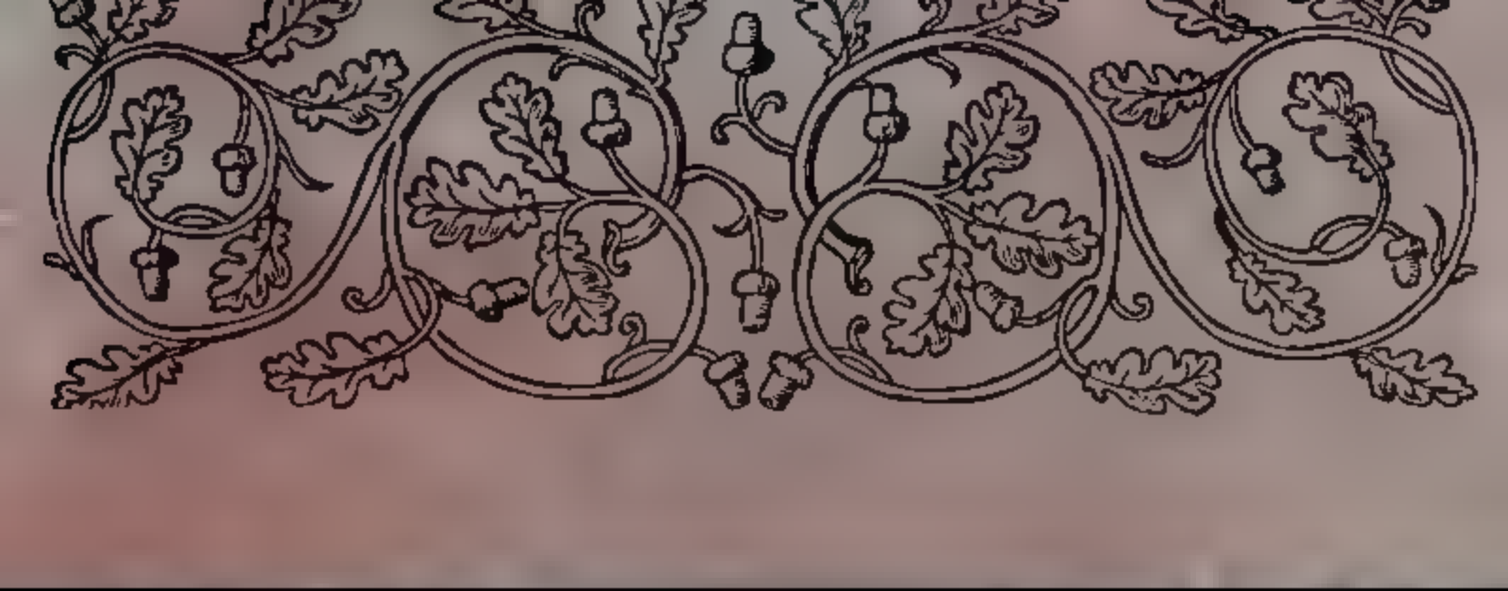
A JUDGMENT ON AN IMPIOUS, FOOLISH RICH MAN.


A DECADENCE AND AN EXTRAVAGANCE THAT FLEW IN THE FACE OF GOD'S DESIRE FOR HUMILITY.



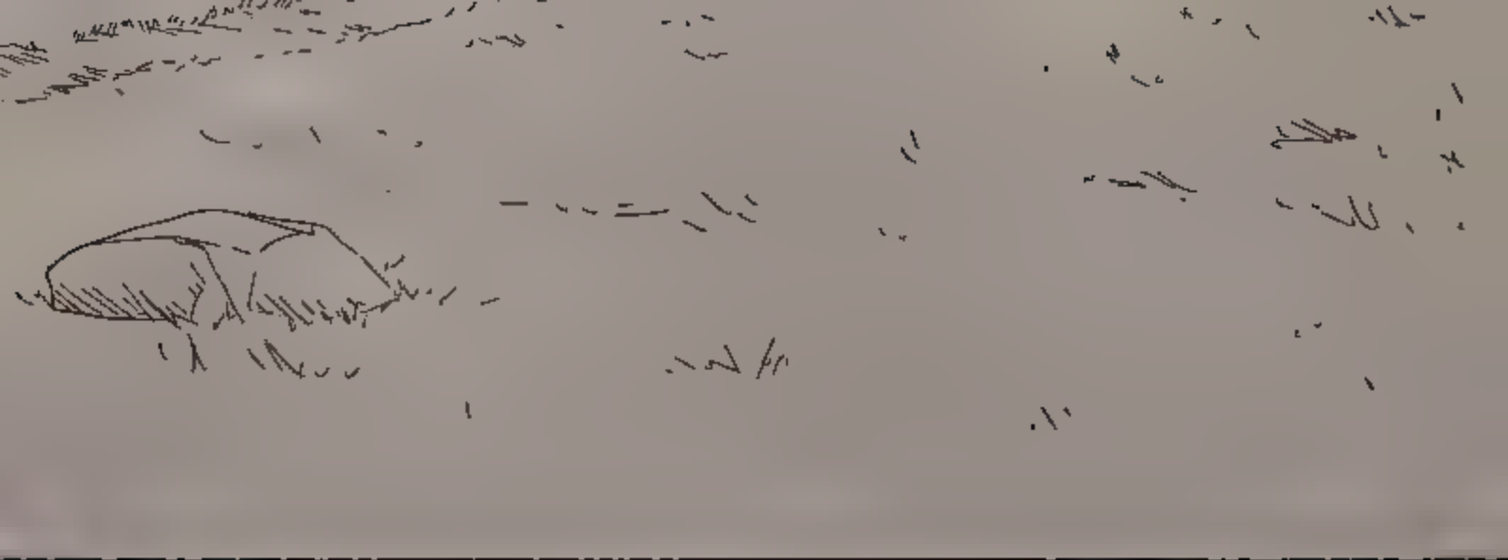

BUT WHAT COULD THEY DO?

THE DAMAGE HAD
ALREADY BEEN DONE.

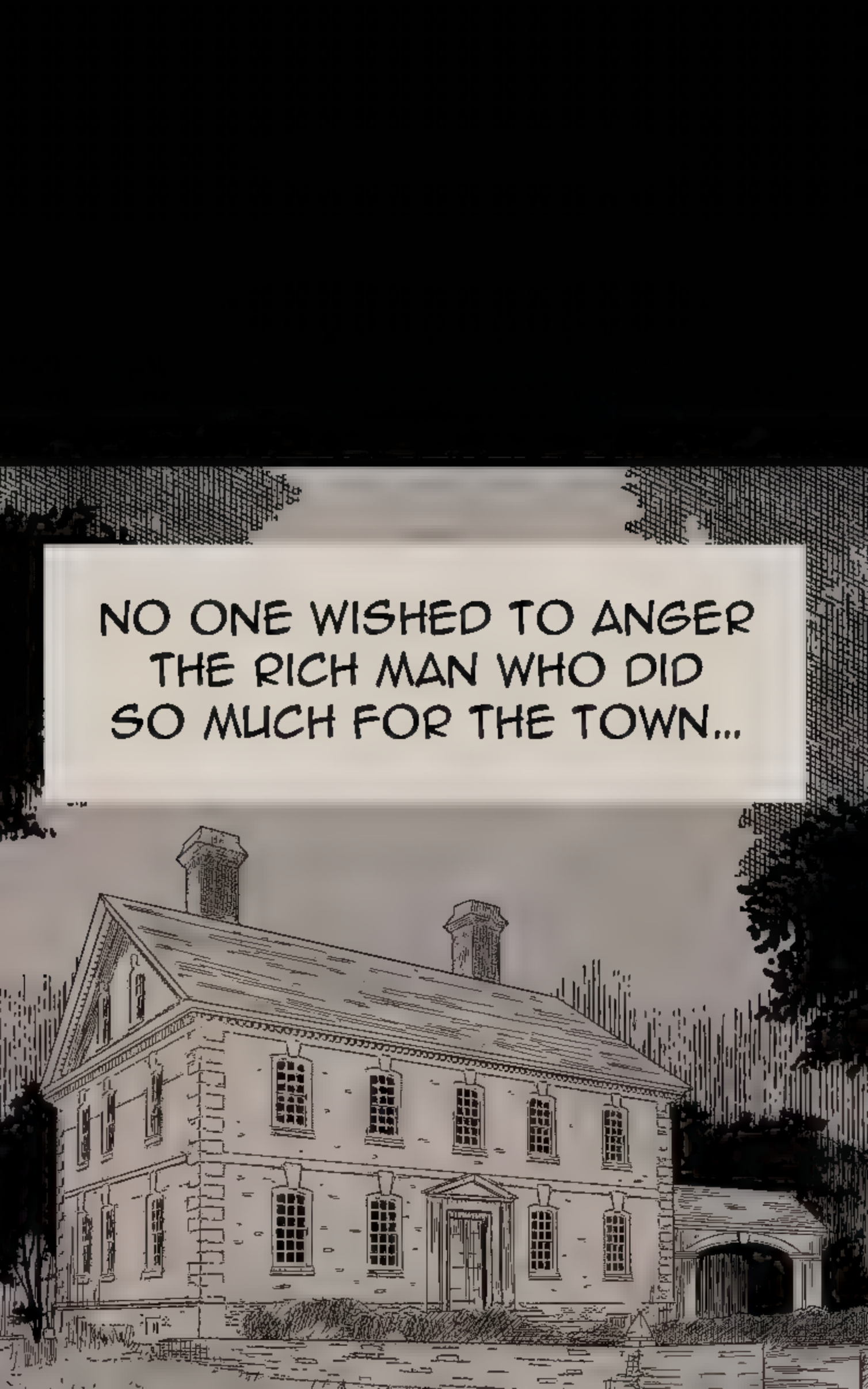


THE HORRIBLE STORY TOLD OVER AND OVER, IN WHISPERS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

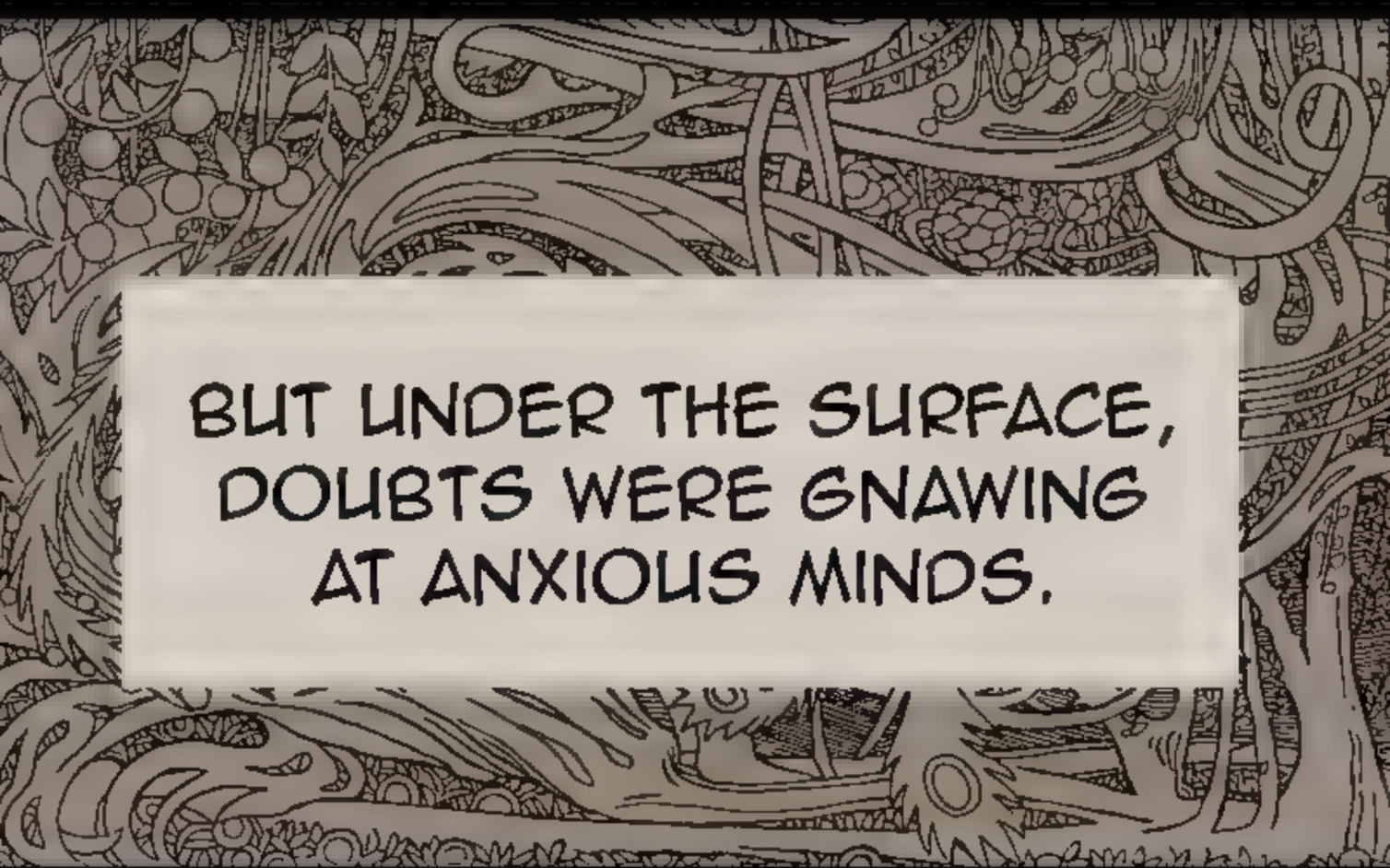
PUBLICLY, THE ELDERS OF THE TOWN SAID NOTHING.

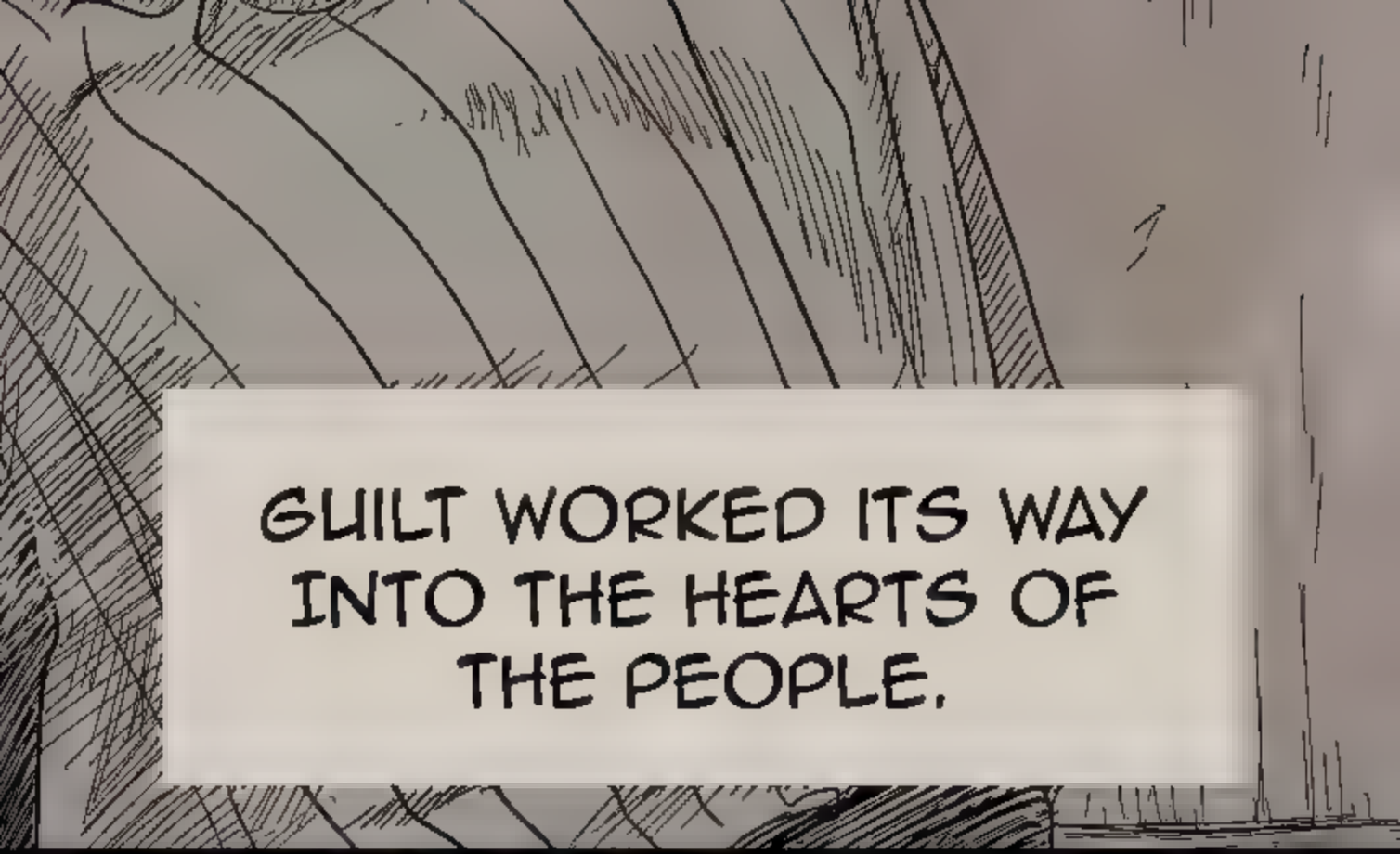


LIKE MOST, THEY FELT IT BEST TO KEEP THE PEACE.


NO ONE WISHED TO ANGER
THE RICH MAN WHO DID
SO MUCH FOR THE TOWN...

AND WHOSE SPENDING KEPT SOME OF THEM AFLOAT IN THESE HARD TIMES.


BUT UNDER THE SURFACE,
DOUBTS WERE GNAWING
AT ANXIOUS MINDS.


GUILT WORKED ITS WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THEY PRAYED FOR
BETTER FORTUNE.

THEY FASTED AND ATONED.

BUT NOTHING HELPED.

WHEREVER THE PEOPLE WENT...

THEY FELT THE EYE OF
THE FOREST UPON THEM.

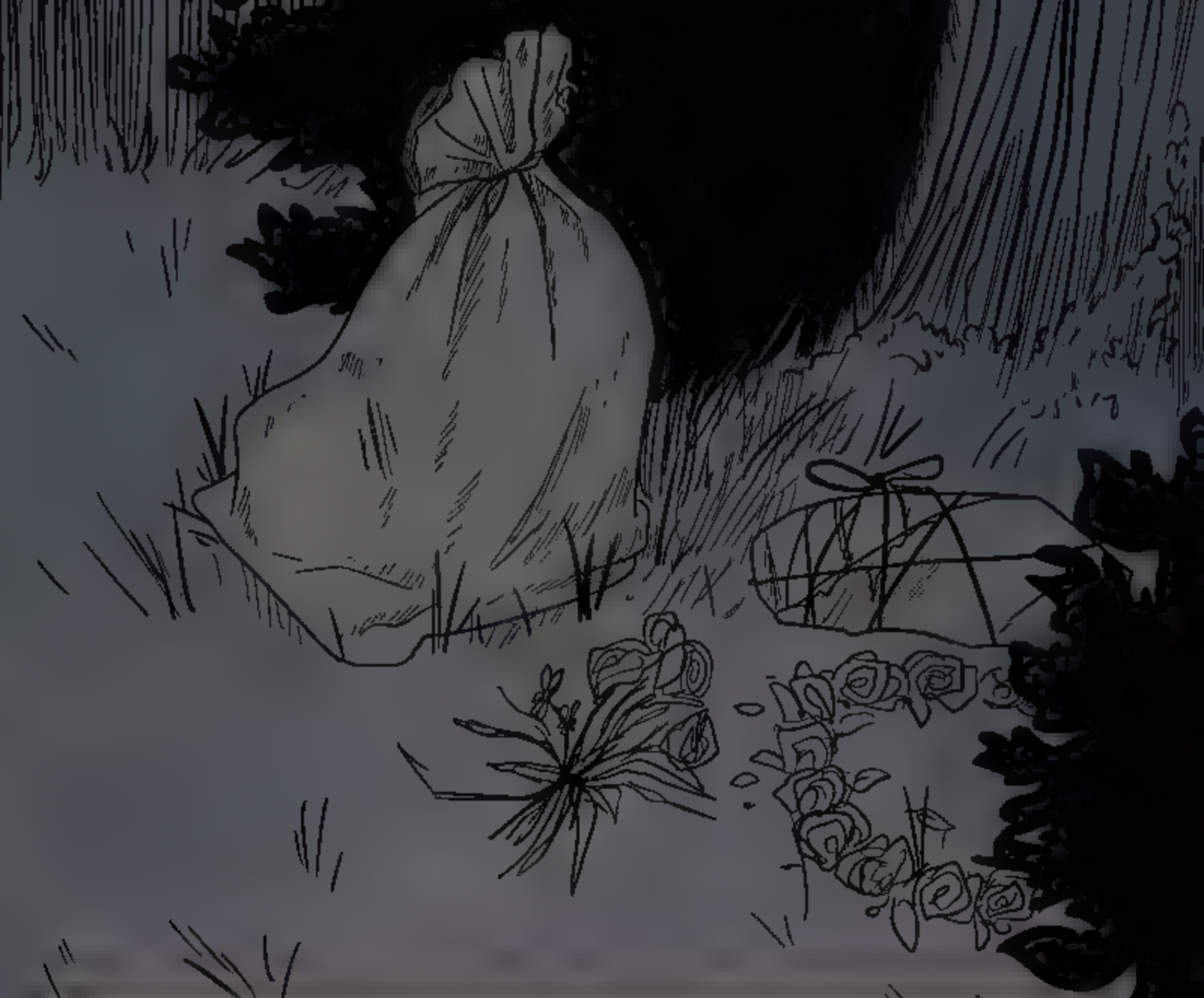
ANIMALS BECAME HARDER TO CATCH.

SNARES AND TRAPS WERE
LEFT EMPTY.

AND THERE WERE NO DEER TO BE HAD AT ALL.

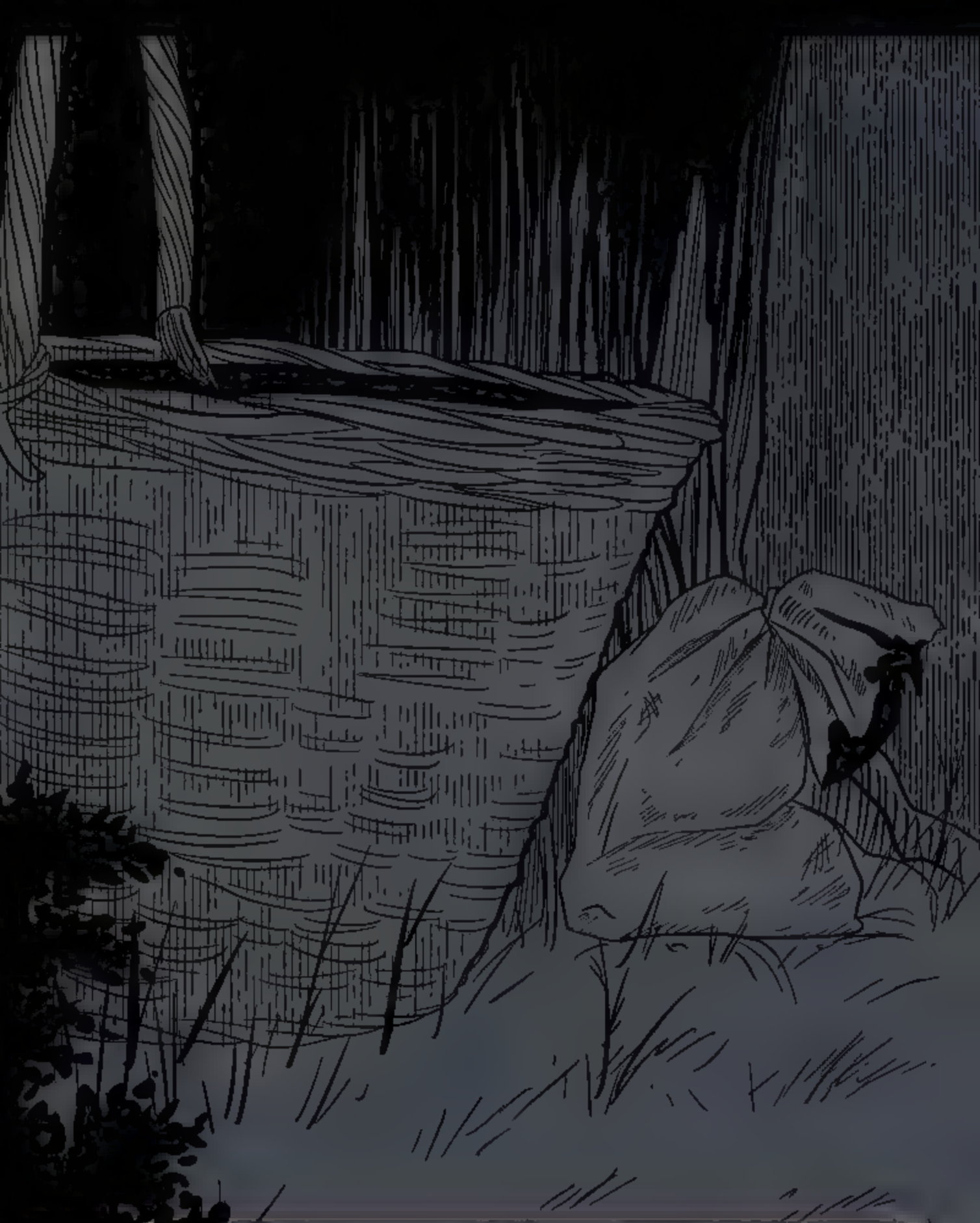
THE PEOPLE OF STAGTOWN BECAME DESPERATE.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...

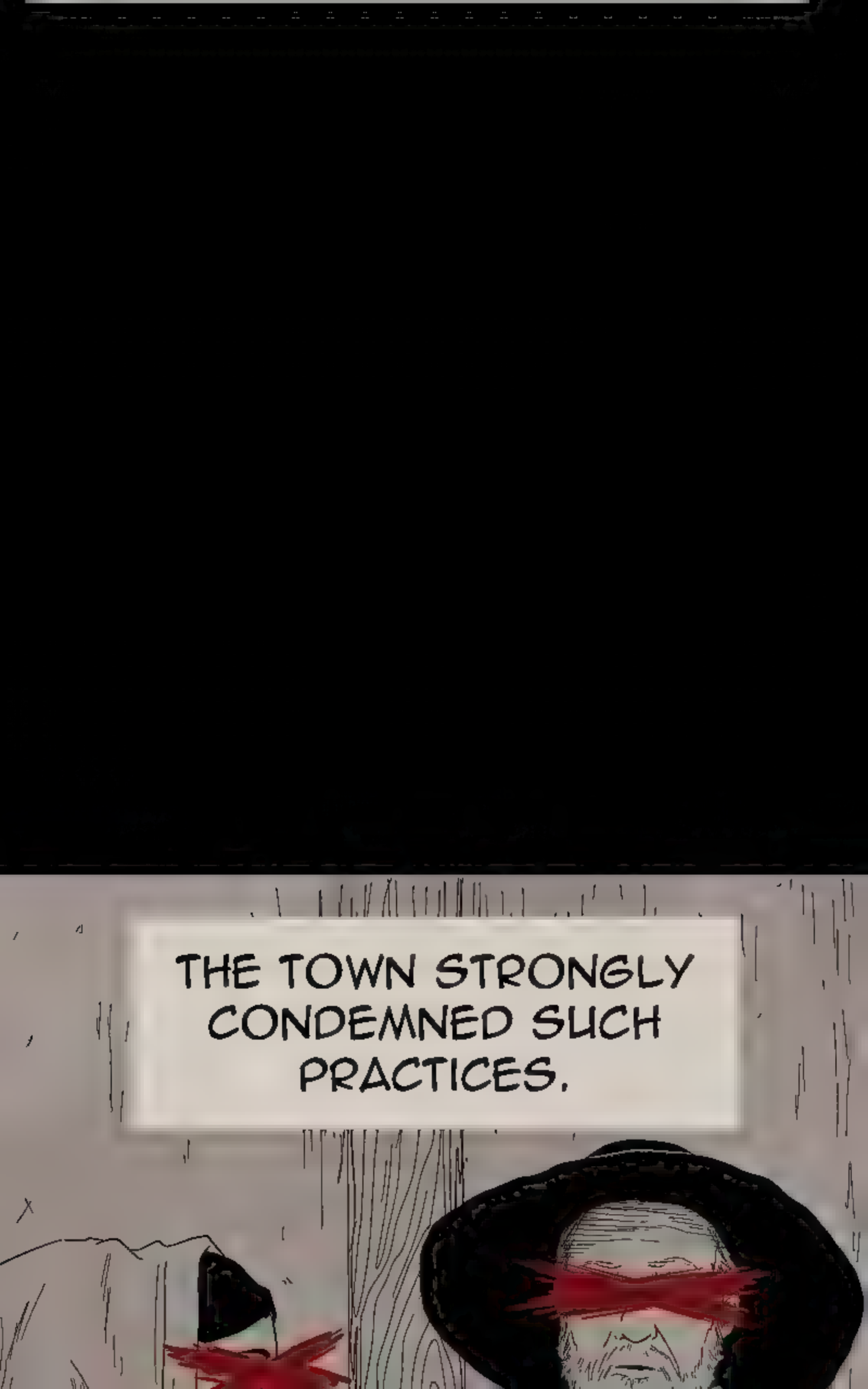


PEOPLE BEGAN TO LEAVE GIFTS AND OFFERINGS AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.

IT WAS PAGANISM TO TRY AND APPEASE WHATEVER SPIRITS OF THE FOREST THEY THOUGHT MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR BAD FORTUNE.



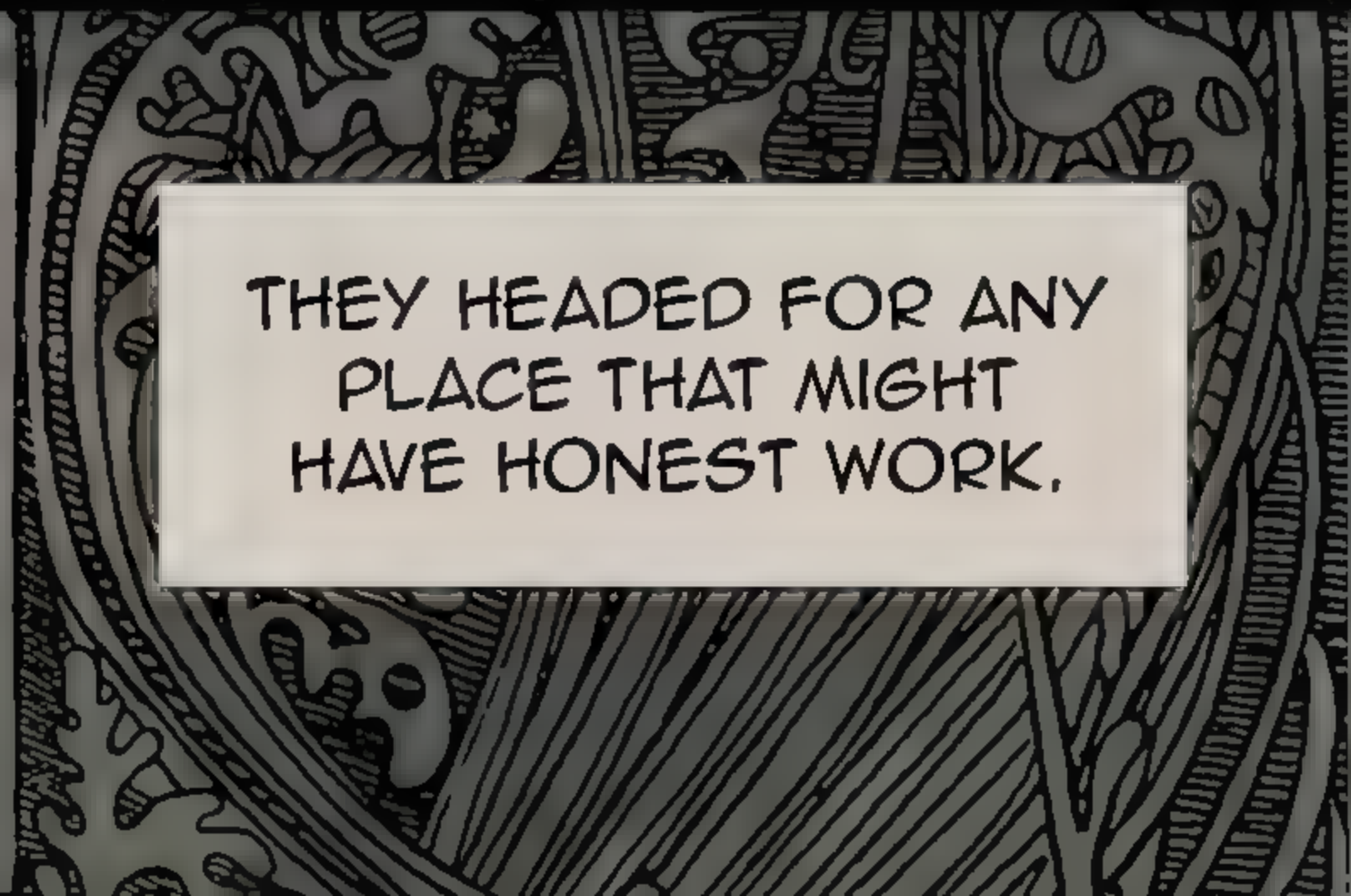
BUT HUNGER MAKES MEN DO STRANGE THINGS, EVEN UNDER THE NOSE OF THEIR OWN GOD.


THE TOWN STRONGLY CONDEMNED SUCH PRACTICES.

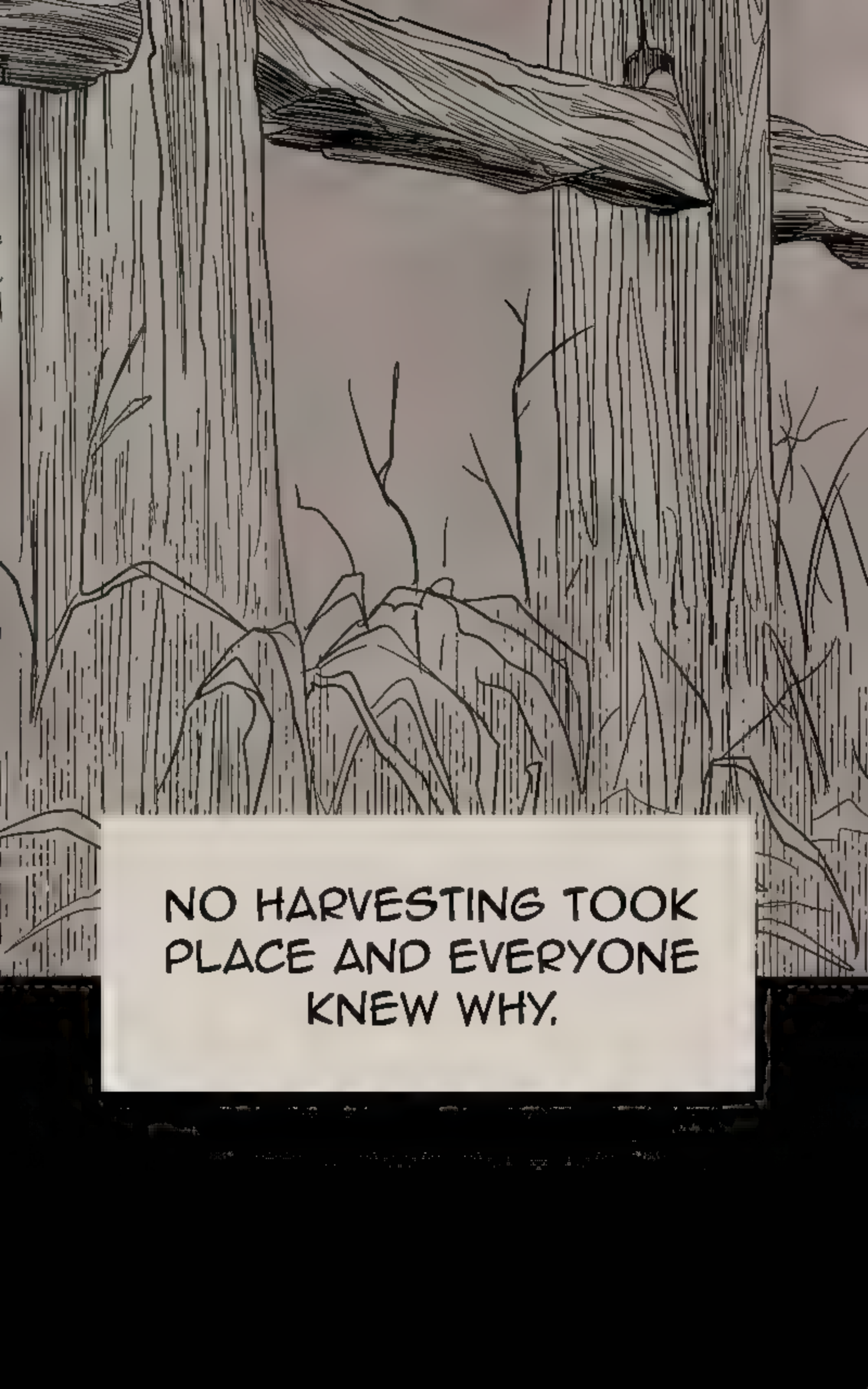
AND YET, AS SUMMER BEGAN TO TURN TO FALL, AND THE CROPS STILL FAILED, THE OFFERINGS CONTINUED.

ANONYMOUSLY, AND
IN THE DARK.

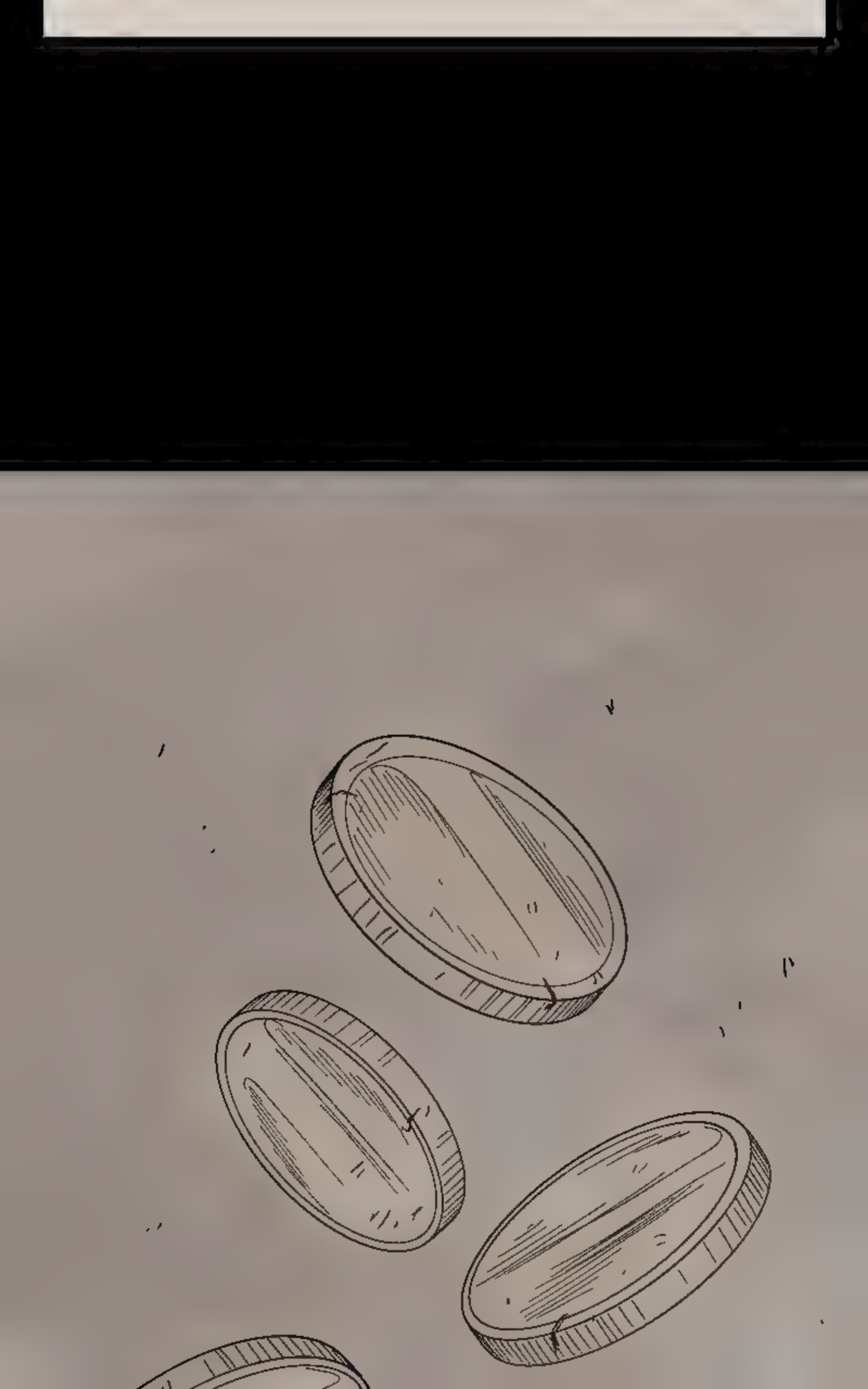
SOON, ANYONE WHO COULD LEAVE TOWN, TRIED TO DO SO.

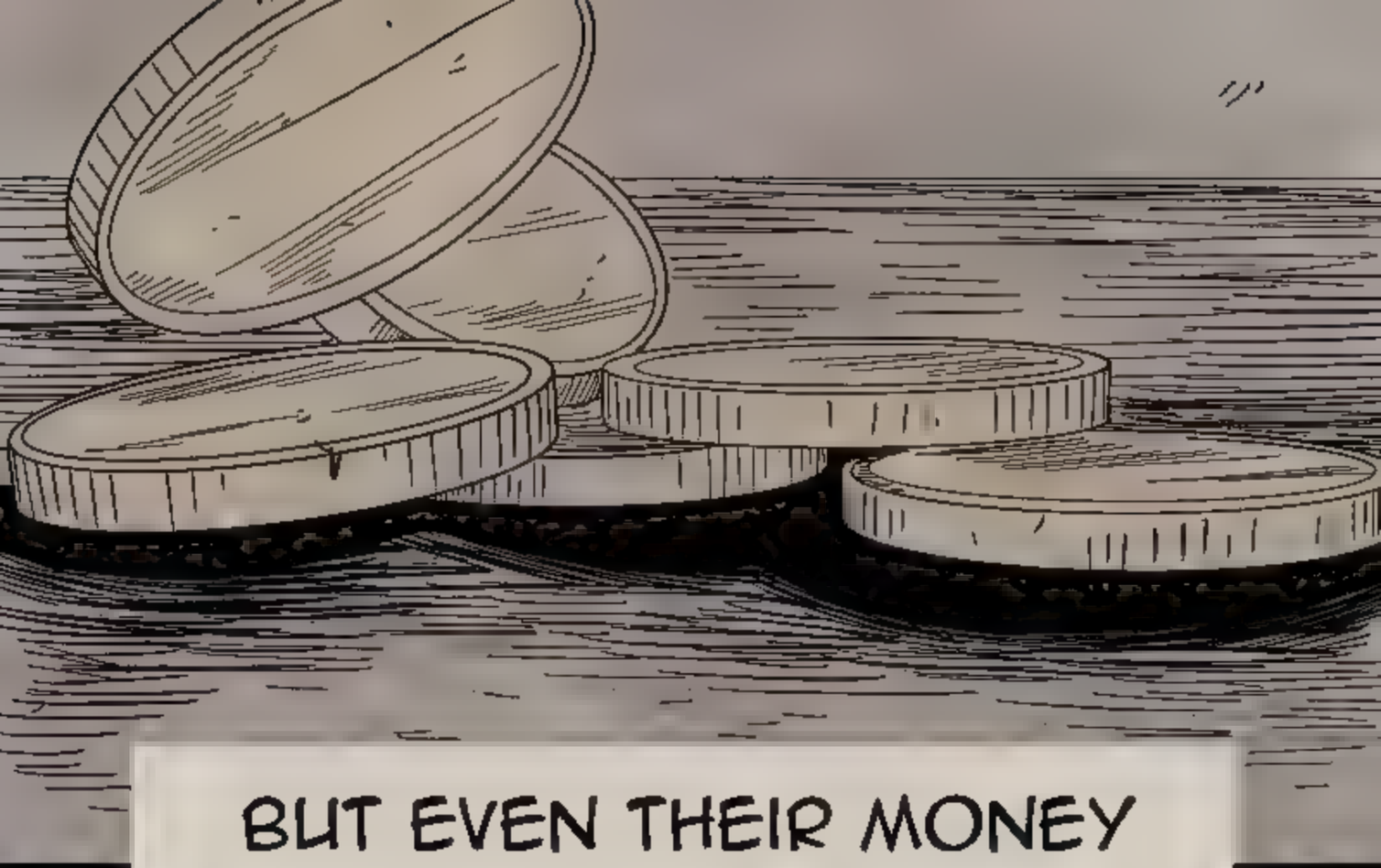


STAGTOWN HAD BECOME
A BARREN PLACE.


NO HARVESTING TOOK PLACE AND EVERYONE KNEW WHY.

THE RICH FAMILY ON THE HILL TRIED TO HELP, SPENDING FREELY WHEREVER THEY COULD AND GIVING ALMS TO THE POOR.



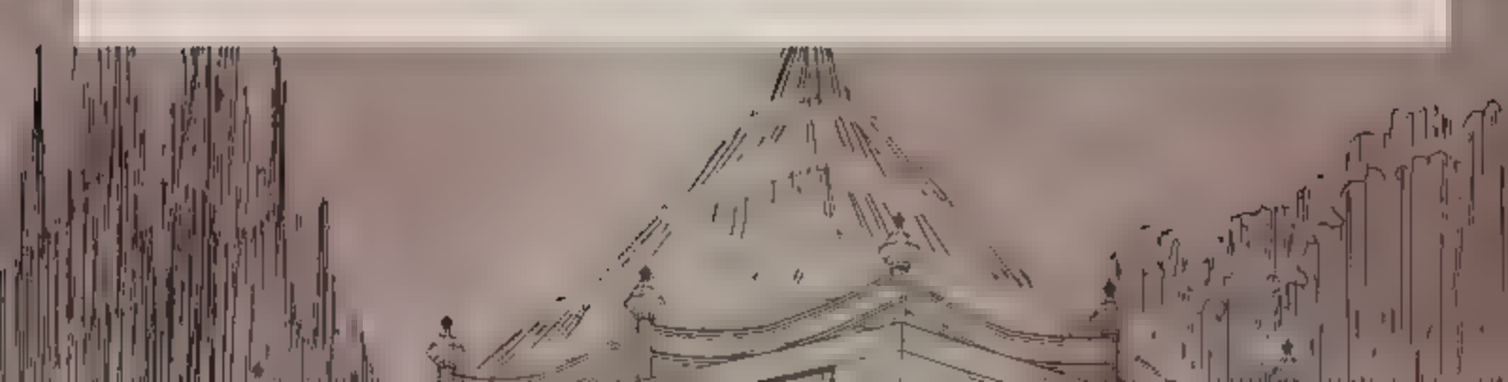


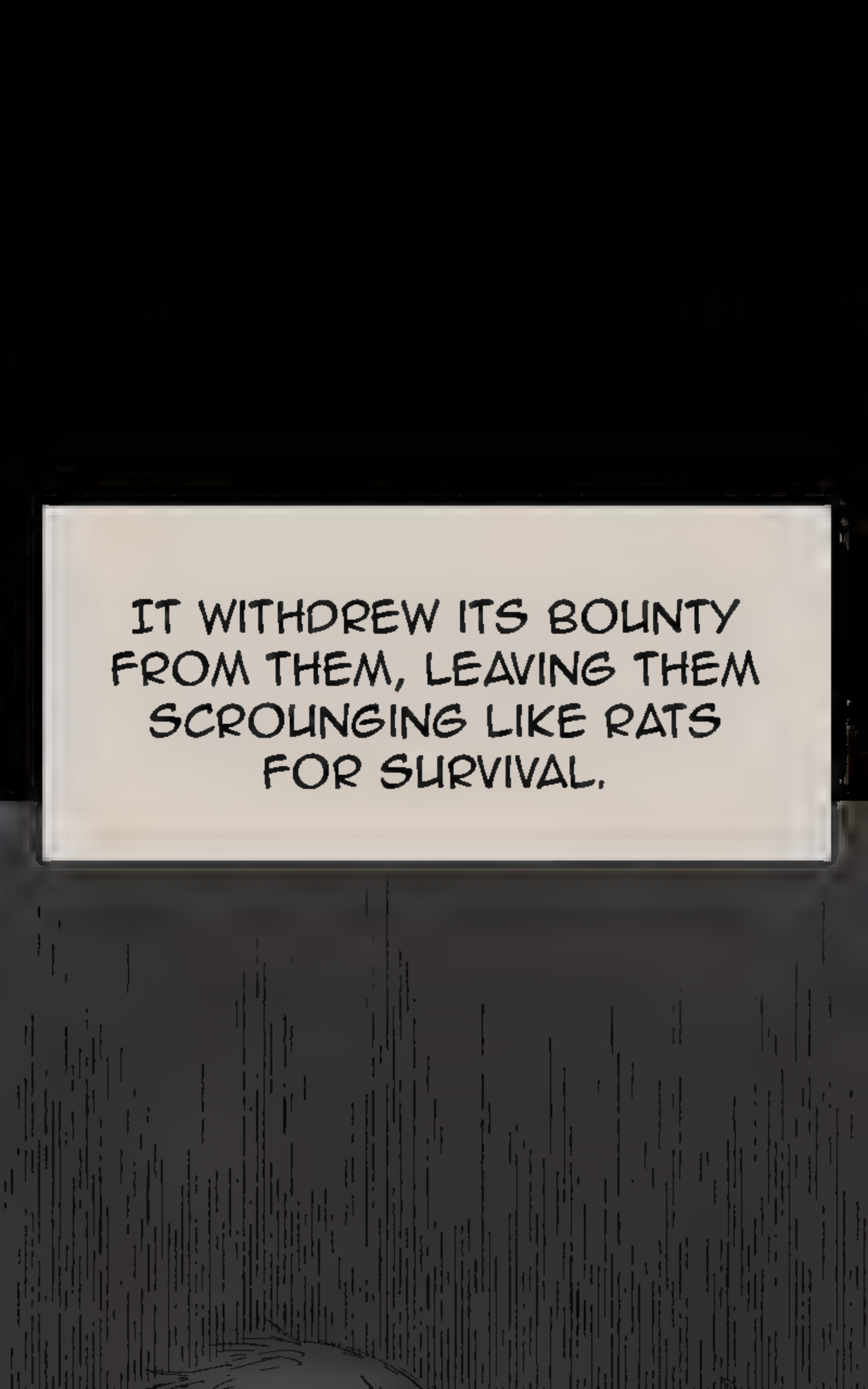
BUT EVEN THEIR MONEY
WAS NOT ENOUGH.

EVERYONE KNEW WHO HAD BROUGHT THIS CURSE DOWN ON THEM.

EVERYONE KNEW AT LAST
WHO TO BLAME.

NATURE HAD BEEN INSULTED BY THEIR VIOLENCE.



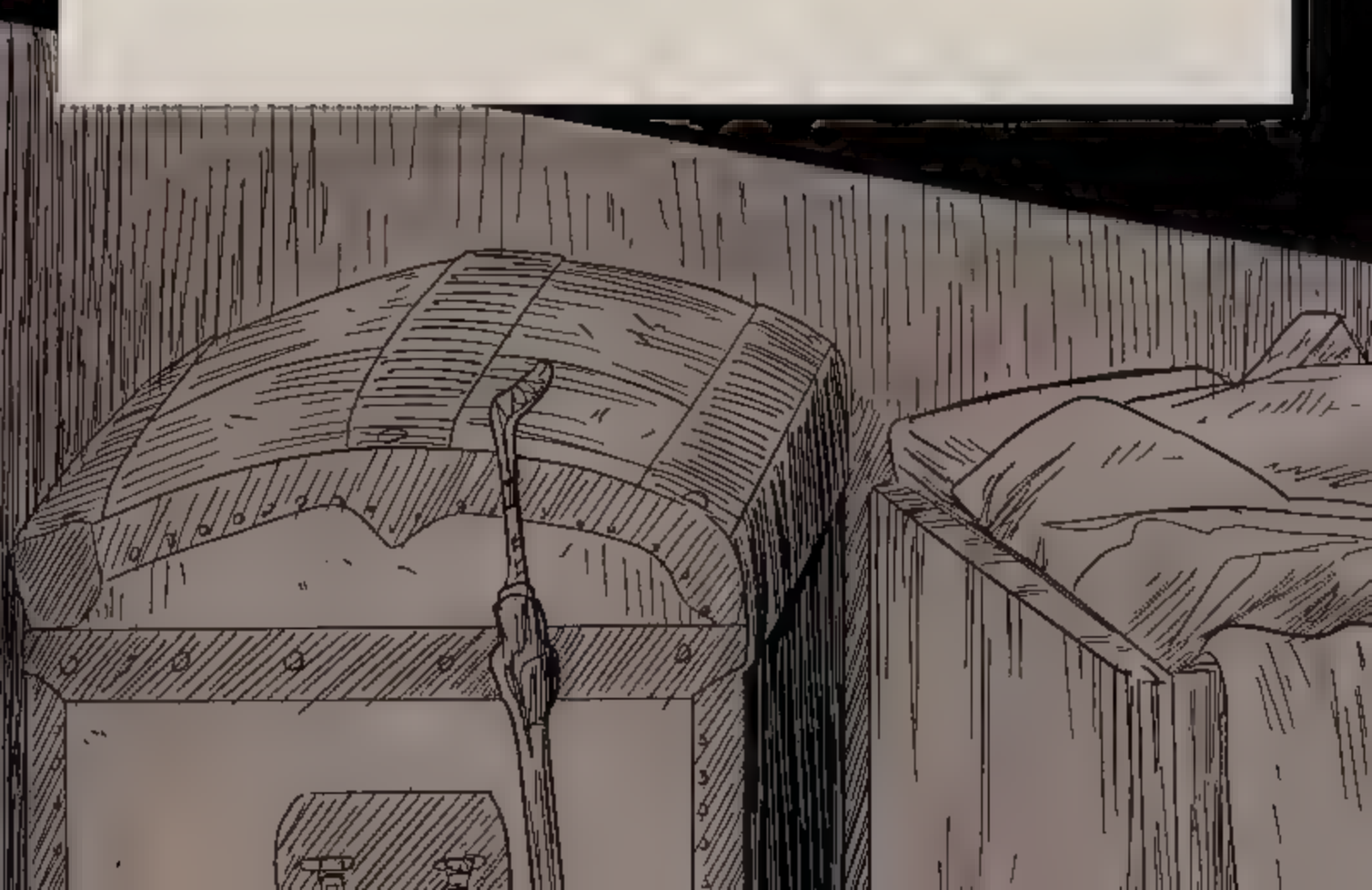

IT WITHDREW ITS BOUNTY FROM THEM, LEAVING THEM SCROUNGING LIKE RATS FOR SURVIVAL.

THE MORE PEOPLE TALKED...

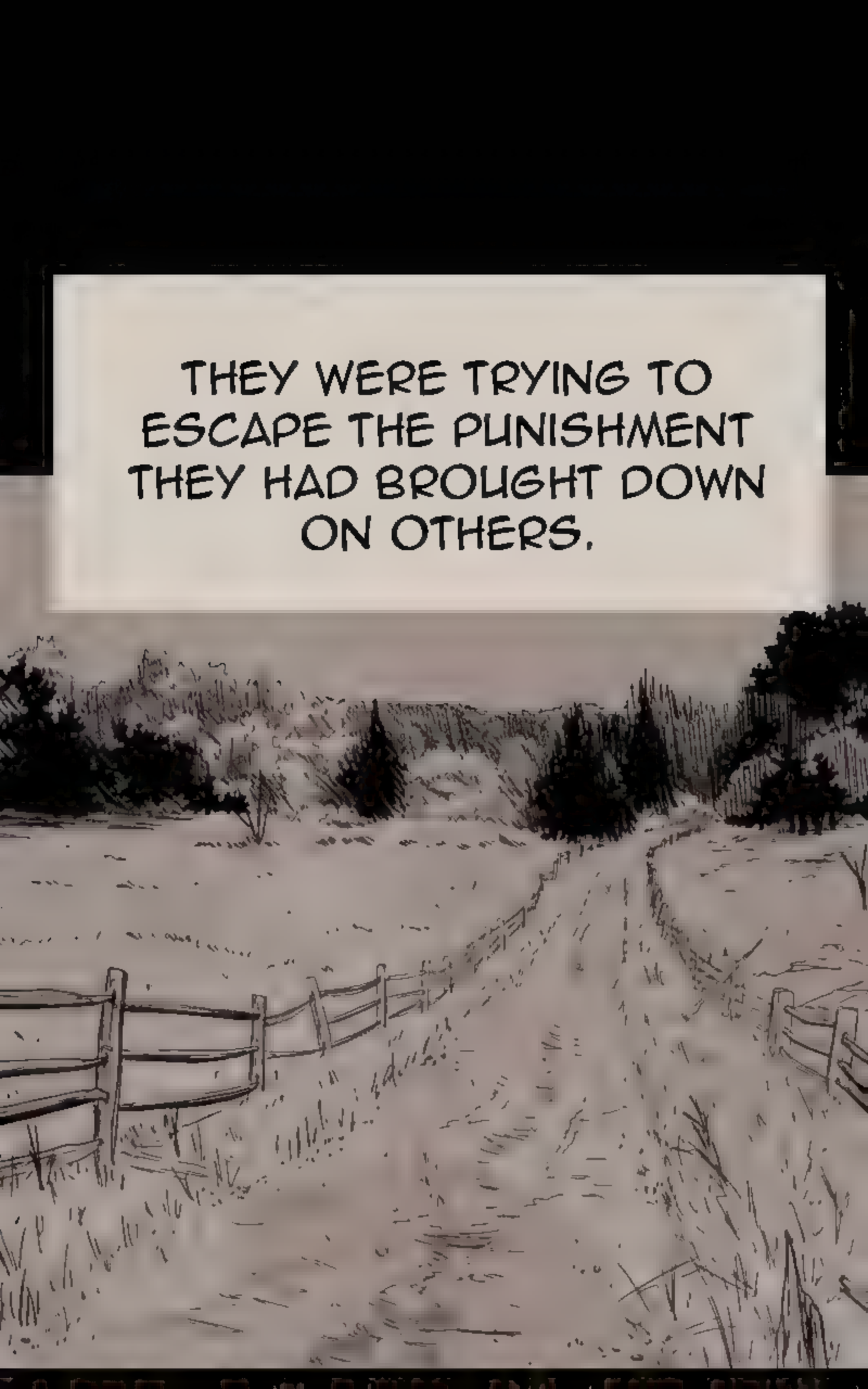
THE MORE CERTAIN THEY BECAME.

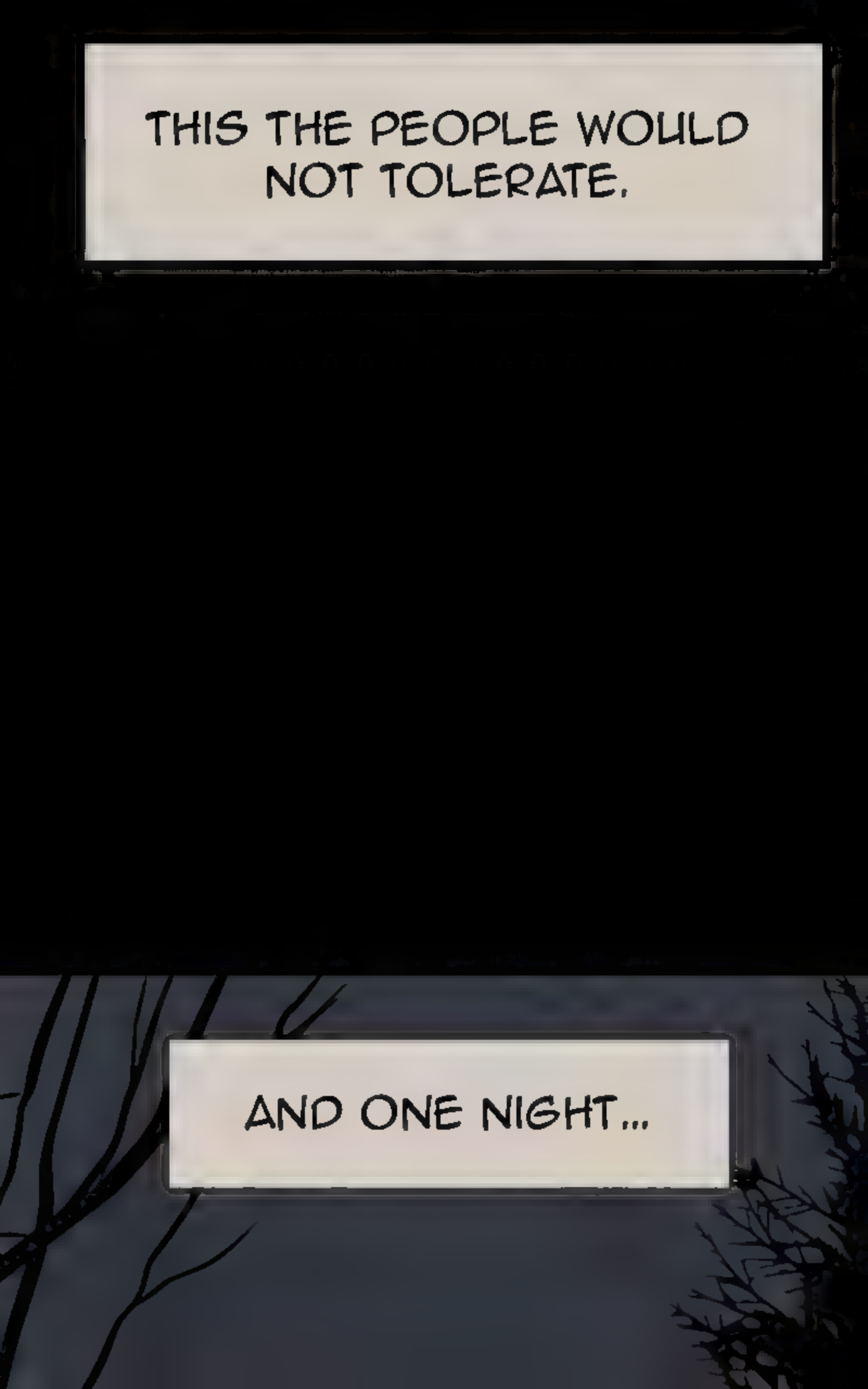
AND SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A DIFFERENT RUMOR GOING AROUND.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS FAMILY WERE PLANNING TO LEAVE THEIR STAGTOWN ESTATE...



...AND FLEE BACK TO THE CITY, WITHOUT A WORD.


THEY WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE THE PUNISHMENT THEY HAD BROUGHT DOWN ON OTHERS.


THIS THE PEOPLE WOULD NOT TOLERATE.
AND ONE NIGHT...

THEY WENT TO THE RICH MAN'S HOUSE.

I HAVE COVID & IT WAS THE ONLY EP I HAD HALF-

FINISHED, SO I MOVED IT
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS
AN EPISODE THIS WEEK!